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Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

POPULAR TALES.

From the London Keepsake for 1845.

THE RUINED SQUIRE.

BY NICHOLAS MITCHELL, ESQ.

A picturesque village was Ivybridge, in that garden of England, Devonshire. Yet all pretty villages have about them certain points of resemblance; green hills; a brawling stream spanned by old dilapidated bridges; a tall spire of a church, the date of whose building is lost in the mists of by gone centuries, such are the general features and characteristics of English villages, as described in a thousand and one tales, romances, and local histories.

Some sixty years ago, in the neighbourhood of Ivybridge, a little ragged boy, without shoes or stockings, might have been seen roving over the hills in search of bird's nest, or—a more common diversion—building castles of sand upon the stones, and storming or defending them against his comrades, as the humour seized him.

His parents were of the poorest description of peasants, and worked as day-labourers on the lands of the Squire of the parish. Mark Dalton, for such was the lad's name, was possessed of singular talents, although, as a matter of course, they were neither understood nor appreciated by the humble parties among whom his lot was cast. His mind had a peculiar bias, which seemed to have displayed itself from the time when he first heard, in the village ale-house, a London newspaper read by a political blacksmith, detailing the particulars of a battle which had just been fought on the continent. From that moment he thought of little else but marches, sieges, guns, banners and all the paraphernalia of "Glorious war."

"*He gently, generally agreed, that "genius" is innate—not acquired; one is said to be born with genius for oratory, another for inditing verse; a third for painting, fourth for the mechanical arts: so we must conclude, that our little peasant boy came into the world with a genius for fighting; or in other words, was designed by nature to be a successful destroyer of his species.*"

The ploughman, Dalton, ordered his son to pick up stones in the field adjoining the manor-house; but Mark only collected the stones to pile them like the cannon balls which he had seen in the little fort on the sea-coast; and then he thought what a delightful thing it would be to point a few guns against the stately brick mansion, and batter the Squire's dwelling to pieces; and so, when his father came up to him, and saw him sitting idly on the little pyramid of stones, which he had raised, he flew into a passion, and flogged him with a carter's whip.

Mark grew ambitious; yet without ambition, and its inseparable companion, discontent, few men, we believe, ever achieved memorable deeds to say nothing of mounting the rounds of the tall ladder of Fortune. He was already wise enough to know that he was profoundly ignorant, and this, by the way, is not a very inconsiderable advance in real knowledge. He solicited his father to place him in the school of a certain pedagogue who had just opened his academy in the place; but the honest peasant having no money for such an useless purpose, gave him sundry hand-cuffs, and ordered him to weed the potatoes in their little garden. Mark's spirit was irritated, but not cowed; and in order to enjoy the advantages which the village schoolmaster's repeated learning held out, he had recourse to a plan, the boldness of which, when it became known, astounded and shocked his rustic companions.

One fine morning, the sturdy lad, now twelve years of age, presented himself at the hall door of the Squire's house; had he knocked at the back of the dwelling, the servants, he well knew would have driven him away. He had wasted his face, and, an unusual luxury procured somewhere a pair of shoes, and, nothing daunted by the great oak doors, and portcullis, he boldly rang the bell. The porter, in high indignation, was about to thrust him down from the steps on which he stood, but the Squire, spying him from his library window, ordered the boy to be admitted.

Mark stood on the library carpet, with his leather cap in his hand. The good Squire was seated in his morocco-covered chair, and by his side was a beautiful little girl, whose age might have been somewhat less than the peasant-boy's. Mark had seen her before at the church, and her beauty, compared with that of the village lasses, seemed to lum more of Heaven than earth, she was as a peerless star in the sky when no others are shining; a little goddess, before whom he could fall and worship for ever.

"Well, my man," said the Squire, good humouredly, "what brings you here?"

"The feeling, your honour, that I am ignorant—the feeling that I am not come into the world to be a clod of the ground. I can't write or cipher; and father says he is too poor to put me to Mr. Snook's school;—will your honour trust me with one quarter's schooling?"

"Pon my life, Master Mark Dalton you are a bold fellow."

"Father," said the little girl creeping close up to him and blushing; "do let him go to school; they say he is a genius, though what that means I scarcely know."

The worthy Squire indulged in a fit of loud laughter; he was not philosopher enough to speculate on the thoughts which might, even at that early age, be passing in the breast of his daughter. But the sharp ringing of his laughter had the effect of attracting to the library the lady of the mansion.

"What is going forward here?" exclaimed Mrs. Barrington, who, we may observe, was a haughty and extravagant woman. "Good heavens! how came this dirty child in the library?"

"It is the genius of the village," said the little girl, very seriously.

"Genius—ha! ha! but I hope our house is not to become the temple for such geniuses.—Go away! you vile brat!"

"Then am I to understand," said Mark, nothing intimidated, "that your honour refuses to favour me with one quarter's schooling at Mr. Snook's?"

The Squire puffed a hasty note, while Mrs. Barrington walked up and down the room, laughing and fanning herself alternately.

"Take this, my little man; to Mr. Snook's," said the Squire; "and he will give you a twelve-months' tuition at my expense."

Mark murmured his thanks, and was gone.

Time飞ted on and Mark Dalton had attained his twentieth year; a wild and eccentric youth he was, and far too discontented and aspiring, the simple villagers said, "to come to any good."

He would spend hours in company with a one-legged, superannuated soldier in the neighbourhood; every night, his weapon being an old rusty rapier, he would perform the sword-exercise with an imaginary antagonist; and every morning practise pistol-shooting on the beach. Moreover, he was unacquainted with all the learning which the sage Snook had imparted to him, Mark, much to that gentleman's indignation, set up teaching himself, borrowing, begging, and, when he was able, purchasing sundry books at the neighbouring town.

The person of Mark Dalton was remarkably in his favour; unlike the honest, broad backed, sea-savaging peasant, whose characteristics are only attractive in poetry, his feet neither grew large nor his hands red; his features were delicate yet manly, his limbs were finely moulded, and his eyes, the mirror of his feelings, were almost equal to diamonds, of Hastingforth, in their rays in the midst of darkness.

The village lasses strove hard to win the heart of the rustic Crichton; but his love, it was said, was unwarrantably bold and ambitious as were his aspirations in other matters. He had been detected carving on divers trees in the Squire's park, a certain lady's name, never even mentioned by his brother peasants without a feeling of awe and respect; indeed, the beautiful Cicely Barrington promised to be immortal, as far as oak, elm and beech could render her so. Rumour even circulated more than what we have stated; that the lady, far from scorning her humble admirer, had been seen to cast many melancholy glances towards him from her crimson velvet pew in the church; but whether she had absolutely met him, covered with him, and walked in his company under the solitary trees behind the manorhouse by moonlight, was a question not quite decided.

"Well," continued Mr. Bringent, "there stood little Mark, with his cap in his hand, boldly asking me to pray for his schooling; you were at my side, Cicely, pleading for his return; another was also there—my poor, my forgotten wife—no, I cannot pursue the picture!" and the old man rocked himself to and fro in his chair, covering his face with his hands.

"Cicely," said he, suddenly looking up, "more than eleven years have passed since that extraordinary youth, Mark Dalton, we, through my means, sent away from the village of Ivybridge. When he had gone, none precisely knew; and when the old one-legged veteran was questioned respecting the fate of his young friend he would only answer with a prophetic shake of the head. 'The Genius will be a great or a dead man in ten years.'

But the wheel of Fortune turns around; all this in the world is in a state of mutation;

the frosty clime, the frosty descend; and without this perpetual alternation of cloud and sunbeam—of prosperity and adversity—what a dull aspect to the philosophical speculator would life afford!

The proud and extravagant Mrs. Barrington had at last consummated the ruin of her husband, at the manor-house, the costly dinner had been spread to the élite of the county, and the drawing rooms crowded with the young and gay, a melancholy scene presented itself; old servants were dismissed; horses and carriages assigned to other hands; and—that most distressing of all sights to the ruined family—there was the auctioneer taking his inventory of the furniture, and everything, from the bulk cabinet of curiosities down to bird cage and a carpet broom.

Gentle reader, after an interval of certain years, we must present you to a picture of the Lady Cicely Barrington, and the once hospitable and wealthy occupant of Ivybridge manor-house.

Evening and fog were, by their united influence enveloping in thick gloom a narrow, obscure street in the great metropolis of London. A few oil lamps, however, were struggling to keep up their existence in spite of a sharp wind which threatened to extinguish the paper encased in the mill at a little distance below.

Mr. Barrington and his daughter walked into the village; every step they took awoke some old remembrance, but the faces were altered; the little wild urchins that had gambled under the elm

small room has a carpet of the coarsest Kidderminster, and a little Pembroke table, and two or three chairs, are the only furniture. A female is working diligently at her needle, and in that plain dress, and pale, sorrowful countenance, we have some difficulty in recognizing Cicely Barrington. Her proud mother, unable to support the bitter buffettings of fate, sleeps the last sleep of misery and broken hearts; but her aged father is there; he is leaning over a sheet of paper, on which he hastily traces a few words, and as hastily blots them out again; the feeble rays of the candle fall on his white head, and reveal the furrows ploughed by anxiety and sorrow on his brow. Yet is Mr. Barrington supported by his better principles; he does not pass his hours in unavailing complaint; slightly acquainted with the editor of a newspaper, and being well versed in the politics of the day, he is engaged to supply the journal with a few articles weekly, for which he is remunerated, provided the master meets the editor's approval, at the rate of one penny per line.

Cicely plied her needle and the poor gentleman bent over his papers; alas! it was late in life for such as he to turn author for the first time, and write for bread! He now threw down his pen, and cast on his daughter a look of distress.

"I cannot succeed—I can make nothing of the subject on which Mr. L.—wishes me to write."

Cicely spoke encouragingly and the old man shook his head, and faintly smiled.

"My dear child, I do not know what I should do without you; you always fill me with hope, and support my spirits in a way I cannot account for; I will, then endeavor to complete my task."

Mr. Barrington for some time wrote very busily; but age weariness, and sorrow, weighed down his thoughts and cramped his naturally active mind;—his head drooped, his hand remained still, and in a few minutes more he was fast asleep.

Cicely regarded her father with feelings of anguish mingled with inexpressible affection. Care even beyond years, had furrowed that drooping brow; his left hand supported his silver head, and his right lay on the table, mechanically grasping the inactive pen. The girl thought of his former affluent situation, and the state to which he was now reduced in the winter of his days. And would gladness no more warm his withered heart? would smiles never again light up that hollow cheek? She crept softly around the table, and kissing his forehead, whispered an inaudible prayer. Heaven! in thy mercy look down on that weeping girl! can angels shed purer, holier tears? 'Tis those which diamond her soft cheek, and fill on the head of that woe-begone man?

Mr. Barrington, after a while opened his eyes. "What! was I asleep, Cicely!—Ah! I know it now, for I have had a dream strange dream—I thought I was sitting in the library at Ivybridge house, as I did years ago; and a little peasant boy stood before me—I forgot his name—nay, now I have it—the lad was Mark Dalton."

Cicely turned her head aside—Oh! did the memory of years steel back? was not the impudent love she had once dared to cherish for the peasant's son extinguished yet?—no, the fire burned; her first passion was in her heart's core, though that heart was the sepulchre of hope.

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memory of years steel back? was not the impudent love she had once dared to cherish for the peasant's son extinguished yet?—no, the fire burned; her first passion was in her heart's core, though that heart was the sepulchre of hope.

"Father, let not these remembrances grieve you; my folly I have long repented of; and my thought is never now revert to onewho, far all we know, is in his grave."

The tear that sprang to her eye, and the wild

throb of her heart, entirely belied the fair speaker's assertion.

"Cicely," said the old man, after a pause, "long it is since we have beheld the spot where

you, my folly I have long repented of; and my

thought is never now revert to onewho, far all we

know, is in his grave."

The girl expressed her pleasure at the proposal and the journed was accordingly decided on.

* * * * *

The afternoon was far advanced when the two

travellers alighted from the stage coach at a short

distance from the village of Ivybridge. They

stood upon the well-known hill contemplating in

silence the scene beneath them; nothing in the

landscape appeared changed since they last be-

held it; the warm sun, shining obliquely from

the west, tinged the tops of the trees with yellow

and orange tints; the streams which

flowed past the cottages, turned the wheel of

the mill at a little distance below.

Mr. Barrington and his daughter walked into

the village; every step they took awoke some old

remembrance, but the faces were altered; the

little wild urchins that had gambled under the elm

trees, had grown into sturdy peasants, and the old slept in the village churchyard. They entered the cottage where Mark Dalton's father had lived; he and his wife were no more, and the Sexton occupied the house. We may remark, that Mr. Barrington differed so materially in appearance

from the jovial and rosy Squire of a former day, that a recognition by any one who once knew him seemed very improbable. Cicely was an beautiful as ever; but the little fairy creature of seventeen years had little in common, saving the expression of the soft intellectual eyes, with the commanding and elegant woman of eight-and-twenty.

"You seem tired, sir," said the Sexton; "and will the lady be pleased to rest on this stool—any business, sir?"

"No, my visit is merely one of curiosity, I knew this sweet village well in former years."

"That was, my dear sir, in the old Squire's time."

"Heaven bless him he's dead or alive. Ah! sir,

he was a man loved by us all."

"Who," said Mr. Barrington, checking his emotion, "who occupies the Manor-house at present?"

"Why, you see, it has passed into two or three hands since Squire Barrington left us. A few months ago a very rich man came into these parts, and bought up Ivybridge estates, the Manor-house and all; and a man, a curious gentleman he is, though kind to the poor, not proud either."

"And why is he curious?" asked Mr. Barrington.

"You see, he's come from the East Indies, is Sir Frederick Grenville; though some call him General, as well; a fine handsome man, though burnt up by the sun, and out about the face with a great many scars. He was the first, they say, who mounted the walls of Seringapatam, while he killed Tippoo with his own hand."

"But why does this render him curious, good Sexton?" asked Cicely, speaking for the first time.

"Bless my heart! whose voice is that?—Oh! you spoke, ma'am. Well, you see, General Sir Frederick is not married; and all bachelors are centrics and queer. Hell walk by moonlight for hours by himself among the trees behind the Manor-house, 'twas there once the old Squire's wife had a fit, in the arbour which is still standing, her dear lovely little daughter, and a wild young peasant—but no, I won't talk scandal now." Then he has begun to build a house at the top of the valley, nobody knows why or wherefore; some say, too, that he wants to find the old Squire, and put him again in possession; and that he is a soldier, and this is my native place."

"Your native place?—impossible! There is no other mansion but the manor-house in the neighborhood."

"May, may," said the Baronet, smiling, "I was not born in a mansion; but this is not a matter; my object in finding the old Squire is simply to place in his hands a packed."

"This is strange," said Mr. Barrington, in surprise and agitation; "I confess I am interested in his affairs; what may the packet contain?—I shall take it to him?"

An extraordinary expression broke over the countenance of the General, as if while he witnessed the old man's emotion, a sudden light had flashed upon him.

"Sir, be not offended," he said, taking the poor gentleman by the hand; "but I am no longer to be deceived. Thank heaven!

SLAVERY IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The question of making a law to put a stop to slaveholding on the part of persons resident in Massachusetts is under consideration by a joint committee of the Legislature. An act has been prepared for presentation to the committee, which apology for wasting so much space in its publication provides that any resident in the commonwealth, who shall, for the space of one month, while so residing, knowingly possess, exercise, or claim any right of property, partial or entire, in any human being as a slave, whether for life or for term of years, in any part of the world, shall forfeit and pay to the use of the commonwealth, for every slave so claimed or possessed, the sum of two hundred dollars, with cost of prosecution; and the further sum of two hundred dollars and costs for every additional month during which its possession or claim shall be continued.

The above extract shows into what strange and daring absurdities fanaticism drives its votaries. Under its influence, the greatest chivalries, the most shocking barbarities, the most revolting injustice, have been inflicted by man upon his fellow man. The distorted subject of its infatuations is deaf to reason, blind to consequences, and madly strives on his purposes, indifferent to the results; because he is persuaded in his own mind that he is right, and consequently "doing God's services." The frantic spirit of Abolitionism is unquestionably one of the most blind and ferocious that now exists above the earth. It turns those men who fall under its influence into demons, it unsexes its female votaries, and, instead of being a principle of humanity, it seems to be one of fierce and ferocious revenge. The fanatical members of the Massachusetts Legislature cannot perceive that the principle of such a law as they propose to enact, is more unwise than that which holds the slave in bondage; and, that the right which the slave never possessed, is not to deprive the citizens of Massachusetts of an absolute vested right which he has always enjoyed. But the blind zealot, who is that he is right, and like Saul of old, is ready to persecute unto the death, all who differ with him. It is useless to reason with such a spirit.—*Constitution.*

We have been permitted says the *Augusta Age*, to make several extracts from a letter, dated Feb. 25, from a gentleman in Burlington, Iowa Territory, to his brother in this town. The writer of the letter is a native of Gardner.

Speaking of emigrating to Oregon, he says:

"A number of our young men will probably go to Oregon in the spring, Jefferson City (Missouri) on the Missouri river will be the starting point. As near as can be learned, about five thousand will be ready to start from that point on the first of May. This will be a large party, a large load being to be borne by the wagons, who will be in need of six pence support a day, and will not exceed seventy dollars each.—A Judge of our Court I understand, is an upholder of the office of Judge of the Territory if the bill for the occupation of Oregon, which is before Congress, shall pass. I doubt not that within five years, a trip from New England or Canada to Oregon will be as easy as a trip from New England or Canada to the West Indies was five years ago."

He gives a flattering picture of the growth of Burlington, he says—

"Six years ago it was a small town of numbering about 1200 inhabitants. It now contains over 3,000, and many fine brick buildings, which would be ornaments to any of our Eastern cities. We have lately had a public reading room established, and will soon have a library attached. We have a lecture before the association every Monday evening. We have now had a very good school, but one is now nearly completed which will be opened in the fall. In these schools we have now 1000 scholars. In the schools we have now 1000 scholars. The schools are very good."

In relation to the bill admitting Iowa as a State, he says—

"Congress has narrowed our boundaries down to us, so it is a compromise that the people will accept it, and we shall continue a Territory some time longer. I am very glad of this, for I prefer for reaching us we are to becoming a State."

A brave man! The house of George P. Fisher, Esq., of Dover, Delaware, caught fire on Monday night of last week, in an upper room, where his two children, boy of four and a girl of two, were sleeping. There was no person in the house when the fire was discovered, except the female of the family, who rushed to the room, but were immediately driven back by the volume of smoke and flame which issued from the door on its being opened—all but Miss Celia Richards, a sister of Mrs. Fisher, who entered the chamber at the peril of her life, brought out one child, secured again for the other, succeeded in getting it out, but fell, suffocated by the smoke, before she reached the door.

As she was endeavoring to get out, a servant arrived, who entered the room far enough to drag out Mrs. Richards & the child both in a state of insensibility; and from that moment no one could enter, though it was supposed another child was in the room, until the fire was extinguished, which was finally with much difficulty effected, after the contents of the room were burned up. The Delaware Journal, from which we derive the above, states that the salvation of all its critical. Such an instance of self devotion and fortitude has seldom been recorded, and it is highly creditable to the sex.

A TORNADO.—We learn from the New Orleans Courier, that recently a tornado swept across the plantation of General Lewis, about six miles from Madisonville, which in its course up to three feet in diameter, and in less than ten minutes, laid bare the exterior of the plantation and a negro girl who had taken refuge under the hickory shed. The negro girl was killed upon the spot—the overseer was badly injured, and the dog in an hour and a half after the tornado. His name was Big Boy, and he was a large dog, and was a valuable property.

"Give, will you take some of this butter?" "I thank you, master, I belong to the Emperor, and can't take anything strong," said Dugay.

On! The *Beth Telegraph* (Whig) does not like the Inaugural Address. It says:

"The Address as a production holds but a slim comparison with any Inaugural that has preceded it, and we frankly confess we owe our readers an apology for wasting so much space in its publication."

Mr. Polk will be very sorry to hear this.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, APRIL 1, 1845.

DUTIES OF AN EDITOR.

Some people have strange ideas of the duties of an editor of a political paper. According to their notions he has no discretionary power—no right to judge for better or worse—but is bound to publish whatever they tell him. A refusal to do this, is, in their judgment, evidence of a spirit of *dictation*; but does it ever occur to them that there is a little something in the way of *dictation* in *their course*? That an editor, instead of doing what he believes to be right, must obey their commands against his own judgment, cannot be very free? Sometimes, for reasons which he esteems to be sound, he refuses compliance with some of the requests that press upon him, which will cause a few persons to be exceedingly indignant, who will charge him, as has often happened, with being a slave to his party, or obstinate and willful, because he won't change his views to themselves.

We could name instances where long articles have been presented for publication, and urged upon the editor, upon the very eve of the paper going to press, for the purpose of preventing a cause which he believes to be just, from being exposed. The editor, in this case, is bound to do what he believes to be right, must obey their commands against his own judgment, cannot be very free? Sometimes, for reasons which he esteems to be sound, he refuses compliance with some of the requests that press upon him, which will cause a few persons to be exceedingly indignant, who will charge him, as has often happened, with being a slave to his party, or obstinate and willful, because he won't change his views to themselves.

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What? Because they may be one in a hundred, or one in two hundred, of those who take a newspaper, and pay for it, or agree to pay some nine shillings or two dollars a year, just a little knot of discontented persons seize upon that paper as a matter of course, and use it for their own benefit? The same men who talk so loudly about the subserviency and corruption of the press, imagine they own the editor body and soul, with a newspaper thrown in, because they pay or promise to pay him nine shillings a year! Bah!

If my subscriber is displeased with the paper he supports, because the editor will not do as he commands—will not bow to the editor's dictation—he gives me his support away. It is a disgrace to the editor, and to any paper to be contaminated by the influence of any power to be controlled by him.

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HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE.

The Report of the Committee on the Insane Hospital is before us. It speaks in the highest terms of the Institution and its Superintendent. They say—

"We consider the Hospital an honor to the State, and a monument of the philanthropy of individual donors, and of the high interest that the Legislature of this State has taken in the cause of suffering humanity."

"They are happy to say that the management of this institution during the past year, under the superintendence of Dr. Ray, meets their cordial approbation. His humane and efficient labors, united with the kind attentions of all the other officers of the institution, to the unfortunate insane, have exerted a salutary influence in soothing the troubled spirit of the sufferer."

"Your committee would call the attention of the Legislature to the importance of making suitable provisions for the support of insane criminals at this institution."

The following extract is copied from the *Advent Herald* of March 19th. It is a part of an article upon "Duties and Dangers." We hope the Millerites, or Second Advent people, as they call themselves, will read, ponder, and reflect upon it, and become convinced of the folly and sinfulness of their present course of life, and return to the paths of reason and common sense ere they fall into the sink of utter degradation. It will be recollected that the *Herald* is the principal organ or mouthpiece of this sect.

"A lazy indolent man, who lives upon the community as a religion as malignant, is not a Christian, nor ever can be."

"Both we fall into the drags. We find that some persons of this class have crept into the advent ranks in different places, and are carrying out their extravagance and wicked movements, at the expense of advent truth. We wish to wash our hands from any participation in any of these movements. We have always opposed them in the end as well as in the blossom or ripe fruit. All these extra pretensions and gifts, tongues, spiritual wives, visions, and embargos, &c., with the neglect of families, or other proper duties, are of the devil."

Birds.—A contemporary justly remarks on the habits of some cockney sportsmen, of killing small singing birds. Let our boys, who are guilty of such cruelty, be held and made to feel it.

"No man with a road to large as a bear's gizzard, could possibly be so mean, so cruel, so covetous, as to round up, gape at little birds in the bushes, wing-breaking sparrows and many other little birds—and yet there are things in human shape just bad enough to do it." Shame! Shame!

Read the Advertisements.—A contemporary gives the following good advice to newspaper readers:

"People in every station of life should read the advertisements, not only to ascertain what is going on in the world of life and business, but to take advantage of the many favorable opportunities presented by them for benefiting themselves."

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John Davis was chosen Senator for two years from the 4th of March last by the Massachusetts Legislature, at Independence, Mo. news from that region to the 1st of January had been received.

At Santa Fe, at the time of their departure, news had been received of the revolts which had taken place in Chihuahua, Sonora, Durango, Zacatecas, and Guadalajara, and an attempt at revolt was duly anticipated by the Governor of Santa Fe—Martinez. It is supposed that Arango, the former Governor, will be the leader in the revolt. Martinez, it is said, had already made his arrangements to make his escape.

The companies of traders that left Independence last fall, started to late in the season, and met with severe losses and tedious delays. Spears, a Chihuahua merchant who had about thirty wagons, lost one hundred and seventy head of mules, between the Semarone (Las Animas) and Santa Fe. In a snow storm, in one night, eighty mules died through the effects of the extreme cold.—Messrs. Connelly and Glasgow lost about fifty head of animals on the same night.

FROM SANTA FE.

By the arrival of a party of traders from Santa Fe, at Independence, Mo. news from that region to the 1st of January had been received.

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HONOR AMONG POLITICIANS.—The city of Rochester can boast of having at least two honest politicians. In canvassing the votes for Mayor last week, a number of informal votes came before the Board of Canvassers, which would have elected the Whig candidate if allowed. It so happened that the Whig candidate, Mr. Allen, was president of the board, in his official capacity of Mayor, to which office he was elected last year, and on accepting the informal ballot, the board being equally divided, he gave the casting vote for the rejection, thus securing the election of his opponent, Mr. Keeler, the Democratic candidate. Not to be outdone in politeness, Mr. Keeler at once resigned, leaving Mr. Allen to act for another year as provided for by the City Charter under such circumstances. But Mr. Allen would not hold over and be too resigned! A new election will be held. The Common Council passed resolutions approving the honorable conduct of both. If all politicians were like Messrs. Allen and Keeler, we would have good government, N. Y. Sun.

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—The appointment of Mr. Bancroft as a member of Mr. Polk's Cabinet has created a great deal of observation, and many of the small critics of the day have been lavish of their abuse and fruitful of their predictions of his want of capacity. History and experience teaches us differently. Louis Philippe has at this moment one of the greatest philosophical historians of the age, at the head of his ministry—Guizot; and formerly he had Thiers, also an eminent historian, in the same position. Mr. Bancroft, the best historian of the United States, is now in nearly the same position in this government, and we have no doubt he has the elements of a statesman in as great abundance as either Thiers or Guizot. These facts form a singular coincidence in the conduct of Louis Philippe and President Polk.—N. Y. Herald.

Mr. WOODBURY.—Letter-writers at Washington say that Hon. Levi Woodbury will be the leader of the administration party in the Senate. No man is better entitled to that position, or more deserving the confidence of Mr. Polk's administration, than the distinguished Senator from New Hampshire. To Mr. Woodbury is it mainly owing that the Democratic party of the North rallied on the great issue of the annexation of Texas, when Mr. Van Buren and others fell back. On all occasions, and in all places, he sustained the action of the Baltimore Convention with an ability and devotedness which the Democracy will long remember.—Worcester Palladium.

Keep cool, brothers.—The Eastern Argus has the following.—The Daily Mail says, 'The Portland people are moving heaven and earth to build the Rail Road' from Portland to Montreal. Good. There is but one other place to move, and that is Mud and one or two others. If we are moving that, in opposition to Fremont, they will succeed as well as those generally do, who apply in that quarter for help.

Revenge.—In New Jersey the Legislature used to elect Justices of the Peace, but the new Constitution vests that right in the people. The politicians in Woolwich township were vexed at the change, that at a recent election for justices of the Peace they voted in by a triumphant majority two respectable maiden ladies, Sally Brown and Betsy French.

Moose.—Eleven carcasses of Moose were brought into the city of Bangor in one day last week together with a live one. They were all taken in Patten.—The whole lot says the Bangor Courier, was to be taken to Boston in order to give the people there a taste of Down East production."

The Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce says:—"News is in town from Texas, which discloses the fact that the House Resolutions will be adopted by the people of Texas almost by acclamation."

The news of the annexation of Texas created the most lively satisfaction in New Orleans. A salute of twenty-six guns was fired on the public square in honor of the reception of the young republic into the family of the United States.

There was a 'little nigger' in our city, says the Arkansas Intelligencer, who had such extraordinary long heels, that a wit observed 'that he was ten years old before it could be decided which way the fellow would walk.'

Water Spouts.—The Rev. Isaac Anderson, in a letter published in the Murfreesboro Telegraph, Tenn., states that on the evening of the 27th July last, not less than one hundred water spouts descended from the clouds upon Chickasaw mountain, and that the water from each spout fell with such momentum as to force its way into the earth ten or twelve feet, and to form a large channel in its way down the mountain, carrying with it rocks, trees, and roots and depositing them at the base of the mountain.

See of BANGOR.—We understand that it is probable that Bangor will soon become the residence of a Catholic Bishop, who is now at Rome for the purpose of taking orders. It is presumed that the whole State will compose his Diocese. In this case a splendid cathedral church will be erected here, and some inducements have been thrown out of purchasing the land now occupied by Arnold's stable, on Main street, for its site. It is said the Society of the Propaganda are to furnish funds.—Bangor Mercury.

THE RUINS OF NINEVAH.—The French papers announce that M. Bouts, French Counsel at Mosul, in the neighborhood of ancient Ninevah, has succeeded in clearing the grand southern facade of a subterranean palace of Ninevah. The vast entrance of the front has been cleared: six colossal bulls with the heads of men, and two in statues, also colossal, strangled lions in their arms, for its principal ornaments. These sculptures are said to be of great beauty, and are fresh as if executed yesterday. These figures are to be, if possible, transported to Paris. It will be recollect that these discoveries have been made where only dreary mounds of rubbish, traversed by deep and narrow ravines indicate the lines of streets and mark the sites of this mighty city.

Ninevah had fifteen hundred towers—its walls were a hundred feet in height, and had space on their summit for three chariots abreast, but all seemed utterly ruined; yet from beneath its dust lies the long buried art of the Assyrians recovered.

Dr. Franklin on Spelling.—Dr. Franklin says in one of his letters—"You need not be concerned in writing to me, about your bad spelling, for in my opinion, what is called bad spelling is generally the best, as conforming to the sound of the letter. To give you an instance, a gentleman received a letter in which were these words:—"Not finding Brown at home I delivered my mess to his yf." The gentleman called his wife to help him read it. Between them they picked out all but the yf which they could not understand. The lady proposed calling her chambermaid, "because Betty" said she "has the best knack of reading bad spelling of any one I know." Betty came and was much surprised that neither of them could tell what the yf was. "Why," says she "yf's wife—what else can it spell?" And, indeed, it is much better, as well as a shorter method than *doubly you, i, f, e,* which in reality spells *doubt wife.*"

The PRINCIPALS.—Mr. Severance, (now a member of Congress) says of general Cameron, just elected U. S. Senator from Pennsylvania, that something more than twenty years ago, he worked by his side, as a journeyman, in Gales & Seaton's printing office at Washington, and boarded at the same house with him.

Don't make fun of us.—The Mexican Congress have in consideration, a bill prohibiting newspapers from ridiculing their honors. Lawgivers who make themselves ridiculous, ought to be laughed at.

Fire.—Hall and Dyer's Grocery store, Fore Street, Portland, with most of the Goods was burnt on Tuesday night. The store of Mr. J. F. Weeks, was partially injured, and part of the goods removed.

The Masonic Societies of Massachusetts are to have a grand celebration in Boston on the 17th of June, and the Odd Fellows a jubilee and procession on the 19th.

MURDER OF C. R. THOMPSON.

The circumstances of the terrible murder of this esteemed citizen in the Court House at Mount Sterling, Ky., are thus related by a correspondent of the Lexington Enquirer.

I witnessed to-day, the most tragic scene ever enacted in a Court House, in the murder of your distinguished townsmen, Clifton R. Thompson, by Henry Daniel. A suit had been brought by Thompson against Daniel at the last March term. Daniel procured a continuance of the cause by a verbal statement until the September term. At the September term he was again not ready but was compelled to give a written affidavit, setting forth the ground upon which he wished to get a continuance. The cause was continued. To-day the cause was called, and he came forward with another affidavit for another continuance. This so provoked Thompson that he requested his counsel to permit him to answer the affidavit, which contained much low personal abuse of himself. In his answer Mr. Thompson was remarkably courteous and dignified, until he came to the ungentlemanly slang about his having swindled his sister, (Daniel's wife.) Thompson pronounced low and contemptible slander. Daniel told him not to repeat that again. Thompson replied to Daniel drew a pistol, took a deliberate aim and shot him through the heart before any one could interpose. As soon as he had fired he made a hasty retreat, thinking, doubtless, that he would pursue him. But, alas! his hasty retreat was flight; he stood motionless for a moment, then walked a step or two, fell on his knees, and turned over, a lifeless corpse. Oh! was a horrid spectacle to see the grisly doctor, who but a moment before had laid out the count, the bairn, the jury and the people, entombed in mortal shambles with his powerful but indignant eloquence, converted in a moment into a pale corpse! He had but two and a half minutes said not a word, uttered not a groan nor murmur. His brother William was present, and I never saw a man so deeply affected. The Court immediately ordered the Sheriff to imprison Daniel, or I think the excited populace would have lynched him on the spot. The Court adjourned immediately after the occurrence.

OREGON AND CALIFORNIA.—The Cincinnati Enquirer says that some of the Oregon emigrants have pushed on further west—gone to California—it's getting "too crowded" in Oregon—want more room. They represent the land so productive in the neighborhood of San Francisco, that one bushel of wheat sown, frequently yields a crop of seventy-five bushels, and this with very little trouble, while the climate is so dry and pure, that sickness is almost unknown. To illustrate the dryness of the climate, it is necessary to state that wheel vehicles, furniture, &c. manufactured in New

England of the best seasoned timber, shrink up shortly after reaching this section of California, and fall to pieces unless every precaution is taken. American emigrants are constantly arriving and settling at the Sacramento and other streams emptying into the bay of San Francisco. At the Yerba Buena the English is the principle language spoken, the Alcalde being American, and the time is not far distant when this part of California will teem with Anglo-Saxon civilization and the thrifty products of Anglo-Saxon hands.

ATLANTIC & ST. LAWRENCE RAIL-ROAD.

The New York Express of Friday has the following comments, in its Money Article, upon this great enterprise, which is now the all-engrossing topic of conversation among our own citizens, as well as among those along the line to Montreal, and also in the latter city:

The success of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Rail Road Bill in the Canadian Parliament, is announced by the Portland papers, in advance of its receipt in New York by the Northern mail. As was to be expected, the people interested are much elated, and the proper steps are to be taken at once to obtain the necessary surveys, and to procure the funds. The charter granted by the Canadians, is of the most liberal kind, and the road has nothing to contend with but the obstacles of nature, and nothing to prevent its success, if there is or can be, business enough to support it.

It has been satisfactorily settled to the capitalists of Boston, that the longer route through New Hampshire and Vermont, will be profitable, and estimating the receipts of the Atlantic road by the same data of the Concord route, (that is, taking the same number of inhabitants) the eastern road will be a good investment. A table of the inhabitants along the two routes gives the following result.

Portland road to Provincial line, 33,418 inhabitants; Concord, N. H. to Provincial line 33,272, upon distance of one hundred and sixteen miles. The increase on the Eastern route since 1840 is much greater than the intermediate, and the towns on the eastern route are much superior on account of the business they would furnish the road and are among the best and most thriving towns in western Maine.

The last new Railroad project is one from the Atlantic road to the Kennebec, via Lewiston Falls, which is a port of great value for manufacturing purposes. All of these Maine routes will be as profitable as the roads of Massachusetts, Vermont and New Hampshire. The people along the projected lines are as able to support the lines as those of other parts of New England, and the only serious obstacle is a point of sufficient capital in the large towns to take the stock. Rival interests may delay the works, but there never can be in this country a lack of those who are ready to furnish the means to build works of internal improvement that promise a liberal return to its owners."

Administrator's Sale.—By virtue of a License from the Hon. Lyman Rawson, son, Judge of Probate within and for the County of Oxford, notice is hereby given that I shall sell at public Vendue at the dwelling house of James Farrington, in Stow in said County, on Saturday, the tenth day of May next, at two of the clock in the afternoon—All the real Estate of

DANIEL H. WILEY, late of said Stow, deceased, including the reversion of the Widow's dower, if any, for the payment of the just debts of the deceased, charges of administration and incidental charges.

Said real estate consists of said Wiley's interest in a certain lot of wild land situated in said Stow, as will appear by the records at the District Registry at Fryeburg, notice is hereby given that I shall sell at public Vendue at the dwelling house of James Farrington, in Stow in said County, on Saturday, the tenth day of May next, at two of the clock in the afternoon—All the real Estate of

ERASIAS HIBBON, or unknown, 11 5 100 24 96 96 unknown, 6 9 100 25 100 100 do, 7 9 100 10 72 72 do, 12 2 100 30 1,20 1,20 Unknown, 2 6 100 25 1,00 1,61 2,61 Dillingham, or unk., 2 9 100 15 60 60 Dillingham Miss Louisa—Dolittle Mrs. John—Dean S. Brown, do 9 3 100 30 1,20 1,20 —Dudley Josiah—Dunham John—Hubbard Elizab.—Others—King Mrs. —Maxim Ephraim—Byron Cushing in—Russell Moses M—Royal Jesse—Roy Elizab.—Ranson Mrs. Loretta—Stowell John B.—Thayer Alexander S. —Vernell Daniel R.—White—Thayer—Unknown—Wise O. C.—Young Jared Z.

GEO. W. MILLETT, P. M.

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DANIEL H. WILEY, late of said Stow, deceased, including the reversion of the Widow's dower, if any, for the payment of the just debts of the deceased, charges of administration and incidental charges.

Said real estate consists of about seven acres more or less, of the Southwicks' lot of Lot No. 22, in the 4th Division, and the same deeded to said John Fullard by Jonathan P. Fullard, his deed dated the twenty-first day of November, A. D. 1842, and recorded at said Registry Book E, page 271, to all whom it may concern.

Also, all the right, title and interest in said land, in him at the time of his marriage, consisting of about 12 acres of land more or less with the buildings thereon the same having been mortgaged by said Wiley to Mark Pease.

DAVID HAMMONS, Adm'r.

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SLAVERYHOLDING IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The question of enacting a law to put a stop to slaveholding on the part of persons resident in Massachusetts is under consideration by a joint committee of the Legislature. An act has been prepared for presentation to the committee, which provides that any resident in the commonwealth, who shall, for the space of one month, while so residing, knowingly possess, exercise, or claim any right of property, partial or entire, in any human being as a slave, whether for life or for term of years, in any part of the world, shall forfeit and pay to the use of the commonwealth, for every slave so claimed or possessed, the sum of two hundred dollars, with cost of prosecution; and the further sum of two hundred dollars and costs for every additional month during which said possession or claim shall be continued.

The above extract shows into what strange and glaring absurdities fanaticism carries its victims. Under its influence, the greatest cruelties, the most shocking barbarities, the most revolting injustice, have been inflicted by man upon his fellow man. The detested subject of its influence is deaf to reason, blind to consequences, and madly drives on his purposes, indifferent as to the results; because he is persuaded in his own mind that he is right, and consequently "doing God's services." The frantic spirit of Abolitionism is unquestionably one of the most blind and ferocious that now exists above the earth. It turns those men who fall under its influence into demons, it unsexes its female votaries, and, instead of being a principle of humanity, it seems to be one of fierce and ferocious revenge. The fanatical members of the Massachusetts Legislature cannot perceive that the principle of such a law as they propose to enact, is more iniquitous than that which holds the slave in bondage.

What right which the slave never possessed, can ever deprive the citizens of the advantages of an absolute vested right which is always enjoyed. But the blind zealot believes that he is right, and like Saul of old, he is ready to persecute unto the death, all who differ with him. It is useless to reason with such a spirit.—Constitution.

We have been permitted says the *Augusta Age*, to make several extracts from a letter, dated Feb. 25, from a gentleman in Burlington, Iowa Territory, to his brother in this town. The writer of the letter is a native of Gardner.

Speaking of emigrating to Oregon, he says :

"A number of our young men will probably go to Oregon in the spring, Jefferson city (Missouri) on the Missouri river will be the starting point. As near as can be learned, about five thousand will be ready to start from that place on the first of May. This will be a small company, so large that the wagons will be sent back from Indiana, and the expense of the wagon will not exceed seventy-five dollars each.—The Judge of our Court I understand, is an opponent for the office of Judge of the Territory if the bill for the occupation of Oregon, which is before Congress, shall pass. I doubt not that within five years, a trip to Oregon will be as common as a trip from New England to Brown's Ferry five years ago."

He gives a flattering picture of the growth of Burlington, he says—

"Six years ago it was a small town of numbering about 1200 inhabitants. It now contains over 3000, and many fine brick buildings, which would be ornaments in any of our Eastern cities. We have lately had a public reading room established, and will soon have a library attached.—We have a lecture before the occupation ever, Monday evening. We have never had a very good class, but one is now nearly completed which will fully meet our wants. In the stores by the side of the river, there is a fine variety of stores and merchants, we have an ever growing population very secure."

In relation to the bill admitting Iowa as a State, he says—

"Congress has postponed our bound to draw down to go to a compass that the people will reject it, and we shall continue a Territory some time longer. I am very glad of this, for I prefer far to remaining as we are to becoming a State."

A BRAVE GIRL!—The house of George P. Fisher, Esq., of Dover, Delaware, caught fire on Monday night of last week, in an upper room, where his two children, boy of four and a girl of two, were sleeping. There was no person in the house when the fire was discovered, except the females of the family, who rushed to the room, but were immediately driven back by the volume of smoke and flame which issued from the door on its being opened—all but Miss Celia Richards, a sister of Mrs. Fisher, who entered the chamber at the peril of her life, brought out one child, returned again for the other, succeeded in getting it out, but fell, suffocated by the smoke, before she reached the door.

When the colored man servant arrived, and entered the room to endeavor to drag out Mrs. Richards & the child, both in a state of insensibility; and from that moment no one could enter, though it was supposed another child was in the room, until the fire was extinguished, which was finally with much difficulty effected, after the contents of the room were burned up. The Delaware Journal, from which we derive the above, states that the situation of all its entitled. Such an instance of self devotion and fortitude has not been recorded, and it is highly honorable to the sex.

A TORNADO.—We learn from the *New Orleans Courier*, that recently a tornado swept across the plantation of General Lewis, about six miles from Madisonville, which in an instant tore up trees three feet in diameter. It lasted but ten minutes, and left the trees all broken and a negro girl who had taken her shelter under the brak shed. The negro girl was laid upon the spot—the overseer was so greatly alarmed he fled in a boat and a half a mile away. A woman was soon sent for to comfort the negro girl.

"Right, will you take care of the both?"

"Thank you master, I feel to the bone, master, and can't take anything strong."

Replied Dugay.

"Right, will you take care of the both?"

"Thank you master, I feel to the bone, master, and can't take anything strong."

Replied Dugay.

Capt. Ichabod Johnson has been appointed by the President Collector of Jaco.

Our! The *Beth Telegraph* (Whig) does not like the *Journal's* Address. It says :

"The Address as a production holds but a slim comparison with any Inaugural that has preceded it, and we frankly confess we owe our readers an apology for wasting so much space in its publication."

Mr. Polk will be very sorry to hear this.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, APRIL 1, 1845.

DUITS OF AN EDITOR.

Some people have strange ideas of the duties of an editor of a political paper. According to their notions he has no discretionary power—no right to judge for himself whatever—but is bound to publish whatever they tell him.

A refusal to do this, is in their judgment, evidence of a spirit of *dictation*; but does it ever occur to them that there is a little something in the way of *dictation* in their course? That an editor, instead of doing what he believes to be right, must obey their commands against his own judgment, cannot be very free? Sometimes, for reasons which he esteems to be sound, he refuses compliance with some of the requests that press upon him, which will cause a few persons to be exceedingly indignant, who will charge him, as has often happened, with being a slave to his party, or obstinate and willful, because he won't be a slave to themselves.

We could name instances where long articles have been presented for publication, and urged upon the editor, upon the very eve of the paper going to press, for the purpose of promoting a cause which he believes to be right, which the slave never possessed.

What right which the slave never possessed, can deprive the citizens of an absolute vested right which is always enjoyed. But the blind zealot believes that he is right, and like *Saul* of old, he is ready to persecute unto the death, all who differ with him. It is useless to reason with such a spirit.—Constitution.

What? Because they may be one in a hundred, or one in two hundred, of those who take a newspaper

and pay for it, or agree to pay some nine shillings or two dollars a year, must a little knot of discontented persons seize upon that paper as a matter of course, and use it for their own benefit? The same men who

take so loudly about the subversiveness and corruption of the press, imagine they own the editor body and soul, with a newspaper thrown in, because they pay or promise to pay him nine shillings a year! Bah!

If any subscriber is displeased with the paper he

supports, because the editor will not do as he commands—will not bow the knee to his dictation—he banishes his support away. It is a disgrace to the editor, of any paper to be contaminated by the

hands of such a crew, as are the scoundrels of

the *Journal*. What right? Those who take a few

shillings, or a few pence, are happy to have a few others relate his grievances, an encounter a tirade against the editor with "You are denied a hearing in the paper which you support!"

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HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE.

The Report of the Committee on the Insane Hospital is before us. It speaks in the highest terms of the Institution and its Superintendent. They say—

"We consider the Hospital an honor to the State, and a monument of the philanthropy of individual do-

mers, and of the high interest that the Legislature of

this State has taken in the cause of suffering human-

ity."

"They are happy to say that the management of the institution during the past year, under the super-

intendence of Dr. Ray, meets their cordial approba-

tion. His humane and efficient labors, united with

the kind attentions of all the other officers of the in-

situation, to the unfortunate insane, have exerted a

salutary influence in soothing the troubled spirit of

the sufferer."

Your committee would call the attention of the

Legislature to the importance of making suitable pro-

visions for the support of insane criminals at this in-

situation."

John Davis was chosen Senator for two years from the 4th of March last by the Massachusetts Legislature on Tuesday last, in the place of Mr. Bates, deceased.

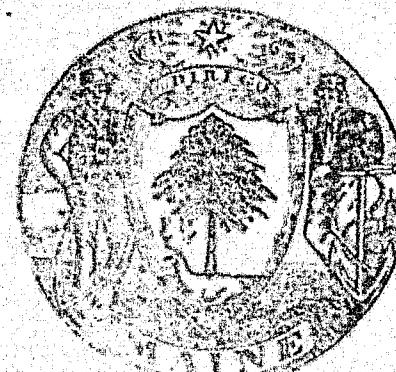
Dr. James Bates has been appointed Superintendent of the Insane Hospital at Augusta, in place of Dr. J. Ray, resigned.

President Polk has pardoned Capt. Sangster, convicted of a violent assault upon Hon. J. Q. Adams. Mr. Adams petitioned for the pardon.

Hon. Isaac C. Bates, Senator from Massachusetts died at Washington on Sunday evening, 16th inst.

It is said that no less than twenty-five vessels are to be built in Thomaston during the present year.

Gen. Jackson was seventy-eight years old on the 15th ult.



STATE OF MAINE.

BY THE GOVERNOR.

A PROCLAMATION,

For a day of Public Humiliation, Fasting and

Prayer.

An opportunity to engage in the various avocations to which the period of returning spring recalls us, it becomes us devoutly to acknowledge our dependence upon God, and humbly to invoke upon the enterprises and labors of the season His favor and blessing.

In designating a day on the opening of the year for this solemn and public recognition of our religious obligations, we follow a practice enjoined by precept, and hallowed by example.

In compliance with this venerable custom, and with the advice and consent of the Executive Council, I have appointed THURSDAY the SEVENTEENTH day of APRIL next, to be observed as a day of PUBLIC HUMILIATION, FASTING AND PRAYER; and the people of this State are invited to assemble on that day in their respective places of public worship, for the performance of such religious exercises as are appropriate to the occasion; and they are requested to abstain from such employments and recreations as are inconsistent with the solemnities of the day.

It has pleased a kind and benevolent Creator to endow us with a numerous and varied population, and with a variety of means of subsistence, to be used upon the people of our State and nation, peculiar to His regard and favor. Sensible how imperfectly we have appreciated His bounty, and how inadequately we have requited His unmerited goodness, let us in the spirit of penitence and humility, approach His presence, and unfeignedly beseech His merciful forgiveness.

And while consciousness of our past unwholesome and disreputable leads us to humble ourselves before God, let us join in gratitude to Him for the benefits He has bestowed, and that notwithstanding our manifold transgressions as a community and as individuals, He has hitherto dealt with us in mercy, and not in judgment.

Commending to His care and guidance the administration of our public affairs, let us invoke upon all the interests of our country His merciful regard. Let us implore His continued protection to every branch of industry and labor; that the public tranquility may be preserved; that health and contentment may prevail; that vice and immorality may be restrained; that all the incentives to moral and intellectual advancement may be encouraged, and strengthened, and the hearts of men more deeply imbued with the spirit of a pure and benevolent religion.

And may we all endeavor to render the services and reflections of the day subservient to our own personal improvement; and so to regulate our future lives, that trusting in the promises of the Gospel, we may hope for the felicities of the life to come.

GIVEN AT THE COURT CHAMBER, at Augusta, this twenty-first day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-five; and in the sixty-ninth year of the United States. H. J. ANDERSON.

By the Governor.

PULPIT C. JOHNSON, Secretary of State.

GEN. JACKSON.—We have before us a letter from this veteran hero and statesman, addressed to a lady of this town, and dated "Hermite, March 2d, 1845"—one day previous to the inauguration of President Polk. It was received last Saturday, March 15, that being the seventy-eighth birth day of the venerable writer. The manuscript is indited in the old General's usual bold hand, is plain and distinct, and exhibits less sign of old age than would generally appear in the writing of persons of his age. The signature—“Andrew Jackson”—looks as we have

seen it in days memorable for his never-to-be-forgotten veto of the U. S. Bank, when it was so effectually put into requisition, for his country's good, by being appended to a message returning to Congress the bill re-chartering that corrupt institution. In the conclusion of his letter, covering nearly a page of a letter sheet, Gen. J. says—

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